You Are Now Leaving Bucharest

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You Are Now Leaving Bucharest

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Adam and Nigel are building a life together, which could be wonderful... if only Nigel doesn't start getting his memories back.

Notes

NB: There doesn't seem to be a set standard on how regularly omegas go into heat, so for the purposes of this story I've put it as every 3 months.

I was so touched by the response to Welcome to California, I hope you all enjoy this as much. As you might expect there will be some angst over Nigel starting to get his memories back of who he was and the terrible things he's done. But don't fear, he has the adorable Adam to help him through - so it will all turn out fine in the end :)

Chapter 1

After more dates and increasingly regular sex, Nigel had left the hotel and moved in with Adam a few weeks after his heat. Adam was surprised how easy it had been to build Nigel into the routine of his life.There had been the odd wobble - just getting used to the unpredictability of another person sharing the same space - but Nigel had been both accommodating and flexible. He hadn't found a job yet, but Adam had enough money from his job to pay the rent and bills, and Nigel seemed to have some funds at his disposal. It helped that Harlan had managed to rent out the New York apartment for him, the rent from which was covering the mortgage so that Adam never had to sell the home he loved so much. Even if he never returned it was a great comfort knowing it was there. And he wasn't sure he would ever go back, he felt like he belonged in California, even moreso now Nigel was in his life.

Sometimes he felt a bit uncertain of things. He was occasionally unsure of Nigel's feelings, worried that he was just reading his own there and assuming Nigel was feeling as deeply as he was. But Nigel seemed happy to constantly reassure him. In the beginning, they had gone on a few dates - and other than the constant swearing that Nigel seemed to use in place of punctuation - Adam found him totally endearing. He was as he expected an alpha to be - strong, forceful, occasionally aggressive. But there was a side to him that Adam had not expected but was starting to think was true of a lot of alphas - to Adam he was caring, protective, gentle. He was also patient and interested in Adam and what he had to say, which was something Adam had rarely had from anyone and very much needed from a mate. He had been so happy when Nigel had moved in, even if it had been a little difficult for him now and then. He wanted to be with Nigel all the time, he had found his alpha.

But they weren't mated, Adam hoped Nigel would bond with him during his next heat. Adam had expressed his desire to - he had told Nigel that he remembered the compulsion to want to bond with him and had decided it was ok since getting to know him better now his heat had passed. He was also still a little scared and overwhelmed by the whole situation, which had been met with a great deal of gentling from Nigel. But when he had asked Nigel if he wanted to bond, Nigel had just said it was Adam's decision to make once he knew Nigel better, which made him feel a bit sad. He felt like he already knew Nigel, but he understood Nigel needed to know more about himself too. It was difficult to know what it must be like for Nigel to not remember so much of his life.

Lynnette and Angela had told him to just enjoy it and see where things went - they had courted for quite a long time before making any kind of commitment to each other. Well, Angela had advised this whilst Lynnette frowned - she was still unsure of Nigel but at least acknowledged that he had been there when Adam needed him and he made Adam happy.

Adam was stirred from his thoughts when Nigel yawned. He was currently, and happily, caged in Nigel's arms as they spooned in the bed. Adam had been awake for a while but was content to let Nigel hold tight to him until the alpha woke up too. He had struggled with physical contact in the past but he found he loved touching and being touched by his alpha. With the yawn Nigel stretched, his arms releasing Adam as he stretched out onto his back,

eyes still closed. Adam smiled and took the opportunity of freedom to start his day in his favourite way. He climbed on top of Nigel, curling up on his chest and smooshing his face into Nigel's neck so he could breath in the alpha scent. He let out an involuntary purring noise.

Nigel's arms wrapped up around him, though he still didn't open his eyes. "You're a beautiful fucking angel Adam Raki." Nigel muttered sleepily. Adam smiled. Every morning Nigel said something like this - he was Nigel's angel, darling, spaceman, sweet little omega. He was Nigel's. He hadn't ever been anyone's before. Not even with Beth. Beth had just needed someone safe and gentle after her last relationship. And maybe it was because she was a Beta but they didn't need each other like he and Nigel did. Being alpha and omega adding to their connection even without a permanent bond having yet been made.

In Nigel he'd found his alpha, the one meant just for him. He was grateful that his dad and Harlan had kept him away from alphas all this time, glad that none had had the chance to take him before he found Nigel.

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Nigel felt himself harden as Adam squirmed on top of him. Nothing fucking new there, the kid could turn him on just by looking at him.

Adam giggled as he felt Nigel's erection. Little minx that he was, it turned out. Even not in heat Adam was evidently a very sexual creature and Nigel couldn't have been happier about that. They couldn't get enough of each other.

"We have to get up, I told Lynnette we'd meet them for breakfast." Adam's matter of fact tone as usual, Nigel knew he wasn't intentionally being teased. Likely he didn't even know half of the affect he had on Nigel, though he was getting surprisingly good at reading Nigel's non verbal cues. He wasn't sure if it was due to the time they spent together or the connection they'd started to form as alpha and omega, it was certainly something Adam still struggled with with other people. Nigel wondered how much more Adam would understand him if they were bonded and that connection was deep and unbreakable.

As Adam's head buried deeper into his neck, he did the same, breathing in his beautiful Adam. He pulled back enough to place a light kiss on the perfect and unblemished skin. He loved Adam's soft, pure skin, and yet he dearly love to bite a scar into that neck so that the omega would be his forever.

Adam giggled again. "We don't have time…" he almost whined as Nigel's arms tightened around him and pulled him close. "Ni-gel!" This time a whine, Adam drawing his name out even through his tinkling laughter. "We don't have time. We can have sex later. We had sex last night."

"Yes, but I want you all the time." Nigel growled with a grin.

"You have me all the time." Adam pulled back and looked down at him with a bright smile. Evidently pleased that he had understood Nigel's figurative meaning.

The smile damn near broke Nigel's fucking heart. He wanted so badly to bite Adam and bond with him during his next heat, and yet knew he wouldn't. He didn't know who he was and he felt he owed it to Adam to know more about himself, to let Adam know, before they took that step. He wasn't a good man, he knew that much - based on who he was 8 years ago, the fact he had been shot by the police, run out of Bucharest - he wanted to be a good man for Adam's sake. He had told him that over and over, warned him and yet Adam dismissed it. Maybe it was just his omega need to be with a strong alpha, but Nigel had made a promise to himself not to take advantage of Adam or his omegan needs.

"Yes gorgeous, you're always my sweet little spaceman." Nigel finally answered, peppering kisses along Adam's jaw as he continued to squirm and laugh. Finally he pulled back. "Ok, time to shower then." He told Adam, sitting up and taking Adam with him. He kept Adam in his arms as he pushed himself from the bed and carried the still giggling Adam into the bathroom.

*

Adam smiled at Lynnette and Angela, they sat in the booth opposite he and Nigel. Lynnette had been a little annoyed that they were a few minutes late but Angela just grinned.

"Sorry we're late." Adam had said as he sat down. "Nigel wanted to scent me after our shower."

Adam realised he might have embarrassed Nigel, but when he looked over he was just grinning at the women. It actually seemed to ease Lynnette's annoyance. She liked that Nigel looked out for him and did things like scent him before going out for the day. Now that he couldn't take suppressants the patches didn't really work, at least not as well as the scent of a strong alpha. As a fellow alpha with a need to protect her omega she understood this. It seemed to be enough for her to tolerate Nigel, or at least that was how Angela had explained it to him privately when he had realised Lynnette was not keen on Nigel.

Breakfast had been nice, though Adam just had his cereal, Nigel's hand soothingly stroking his thigh as they ate. They had talked about the food and then about work a little - exciting new equipment was being installed but he'd already told Nigel all about it and he didn't want to bore their friends so he didn't elaborate too much..

"How's your job situation Nigel?" Lynnette asked

Nigel's hand tensed on his thigh, making Adam look over at him curiously - Nigel was upset. He must have realised that Adam had noticed because he smiled at Adam and then continued to stroke his leg reassuringly.

"I have savings for now. I'm not sure how things are going to go with jobs. I've been looking around but I have no idea what I'm qualified for." Nigel answered before shovelling more food into his mouth.

"He doesn't remember the last 8 years." Adam reminded them.

“I have no idea what my last job was, in the last 8 years I might have been a janitor or I might have gone to school and become a doctor, fucked if I know.” Nigel spoke with his mouth full and Adam frowned at him.

Lynnette had mentioned Nigel not working before. Nigel had told him he didn’t like it - that it was none of her fucking business.

“I will get a job Lynnette, you don’t have to worry, I can take care of Adam.” Nigel was using his angry voice. It made Adam feel uncomfortable and he squirmed in his chair and made a small whimper. Nigel relaxed next to him and snaked his arm around his waist, pulling him closer. Adam let himself be moved and used his the closeness to rest his head into Nigel’s neck, feeling reassured by his scent. Everyone suddenly seemed a lot nicer to each other. Lynnette smiled at him and Adam smiled back.

“There’s a security job coming up at the Observatory.” Lynnette told them. “I can put in a word for you. They’ll be keen on snapping up an alpha if they can. If you’re interested?”

“Thanks. Yeah, that would be good.” Nigel answered and turned his smile back to Adam, still snuggled against him.

*

The rest of breakfast had passed pretty pleasantly, but Nigel found it hard not to be riled by Lynnette. He had accepted the job assistance because he didn’t want to seem too fucking proud where caring for his omega was concerned, even if she had badly hidden her smug grin of a response. Everything was a fucking pissing contest with her. He knew she cared about Adam but sometimes it felt like beyond concern - she really didn’t like him. She tolerated him because he was Adam’s boyfriend and she didn’t think he was good enough for Adam. Which he couldn’t really argue with - he wasn’t sure he’d ever deserve anyone as amazing as Adam.

They left the cafe and the ladies went their separate way. He started down the road, his arm around Adam’s shoulder, pulling him close so he could kiss his cheek, making the omega smile. He lived for that smile.

They were just coming up to the store. “I’m going to run in for some smokes. Do you want anything?” Nigel asked.

Adam shook his head. “I’ll wait here.” he replied and took a seat on the bench just along from them, his attention caught by a flock of birds flying in formation above them. Adam probably saw some sort of beautiful fucking math in it, but it made Nigel smile.

He was gone maybe five minutes at the most and headed straight back to Adam. But as soon as he caught sight of his beloved he knew something was wrong. There was a man next to him on the bench, and Adam looked scared. Another alpha. Nigel bolted to them and grabbed the guy by the collar, pulling him backward off the bench. The guy hit the floor but quickly gained his feet.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Nigel shouted, protecting his omega had him on instinct, moving in front of Adam and ready to tear this guy apart. He barely heard Adam’s panicked whimpering over the blood rushing in his ears.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Adam is scared when Nigel's violent side reveals itself - even if it was to protect Adam.

Chapter Notes

Sorry, here comes some inevitable angst over Nigel recovering his memories... don't worry, fluff is imminent!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Adam had only been on the bench for a moment before the alpha sat next to him. Despite the man seeming initially polite, Adam was instantly on edge and startled when the man placed a hand on his arm to get his attention.

“Hey beautiful.” the man had started, and Adam was uncomfortable hearing that from anyone other than Nigel. “Here all alone? I could keep you company if you like.” He added and then touched Adam’s arm again in a delicate motion.

“I...uh… my boyfriend… he'll be back soon…” Adam had stuttered.

“That waste of space I can smell all over you? I could take him on. He can't be much of an alpha if he hasn't bonded with you yet. I'd claim you in a heartbeat. Pretty little thing like you?” He moved closer and licked his lips, making Adam whimper. “I’d bite you and make you mine, keep you nice and safe at my place, I wouldn't let you leave so no other alpha could even look at you…”

Adam was cowering at the words he wasn't sure the man knew felt like threats, when he knew Nigel was there. He could smell his alpha, pheromones raging at the challenge - causing a reaction of relief and fear in Adam. Then the man flew backward off the bench.

Adam was scared. Scared of the man, of what was happening. He was scared of Nigel. He was so angry. *Bad alpha* .

Bad. Bad. Bad.

Adam curled his legs up to his chest on the bench and started to rock, holding his hands over his ears. Everything was too loud and violent and he wanted it to stop.

*

Nigel felt like his skin was on fire - rage bubbling through every pore. The interloping alpha stood opposite him, both sizing each other up. Nigel knew with absolute certainty that he could defeat this man. Even if he had been twice his size and armed, he knew he could still beat him because Adam was at stake. He knew in that moment that he would kill to protect Adam, and equally knew he was quite capable of it, as though the blood were already on his hands.

The man knew this, he could see it in Nigel's eyes, he knew he'd made a mistake. Nigel grinned.

It looked as though the other alpha might start to back away but Nigel was quick. He lunged forward and took hold of the man and threw him with little effort to the floor. Before he had the chance to move, Nigel began kicking him in the ribs, exposed as the man's arms came up to shield his face.

"You don't touch, you don't talk, you don't even fucking look at my omega." Nigel punctuated his words with solid kicks. The weaker alpha was unable to move under the onslaught.

"Who the fuck are you? Did you… did you just fucking look at my Gabi?" a vicious punch to the face before any answer could be made. The beta went down and kicks to the ribs followed.

He felt a tugging at his arm, not interrupting the kicks. “Nigel, no, please stop!” Gabi was somewhere between anger and tears. A boot to the head and another tug. A scream “Nigel, you'll kill him. Stop!”

“Stop. Stop. Stop.” the words repeated with increasing volume and pitch.

Nigel stopped and looked down at the alpha curled in a protective ball. If he were anything other than alpha he'd be in a much worse way, but his naturally thick muscle tone had offered some protection. A couple of broken ribs though. Nigel took all this in within seconds before turning to see the source of the cries.

A small crowd had gathered a safe distance around them and all eyes were on Adam.

“Darling... Adam...” Nigel was instantly at Adam's side, crouched down beside him. The little omega was rocking, his eyes cast down and his hands over his ears. He was muttering quietly now, almost inaudible “Please stop” over and over.

“Baby, I'm sorry. It's ok now, he’s gone now.” Nigel tried to put his arms around Adam to calm him but Adam suddenly found his feet and backed himself away, falling off the bench and onto the floor. He curled up on himself and began rocking again.

“Haven't you people got shit to do?” Nigel shouted at the onlookers who quickly dispersed, the defeated alpha was pulling himself up and retreating. Nigel sat down on the floor next to Adam and started rubbing circles in his lower back. Adam whimpered but didn't pull away.

He'd seen Adam distressed a few times since they'd been together. Usually freaking out over something new or different he’d had to build into his routine or sometimes getting anxious before going out to something social. Adam had told him he got overloaded sometimes and had meltdowns, but he never knew what to expect. He didn't know what to do to help his little darling.

On instinct Nigel pulled Adam into his arms and gently crushed him to his chest. There were a few more whimpers and then Nigel felt Adam's wet face bury into his neck. He held him

there for a moment before pulling them both up and carrying Adam back to their apartment, a few minutes away.

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When Nigel set him on the sofa, Adam was shaking and immediately started rocking again to comfort himself. The kid was obviously terrified and Nigel felt helpless, worse than helpless knowing he had caused the upset. In the moments of hesitation before Nigel could get to him, Adam was suddenly on his feet and making a dash for the bedroom.

He stopped by the door and turned back his eyes full of tears. “I hate you. You’re a bad alpha. You’re bad.” He was shouting the words as one of his hands ripped at his curls. Nigel was sure he was going to pull the hair right out of his head. He took a pace forward but Adam darted into the bedroom still shouting his anger.

As Nigel got to the door he could hear a cacophony of noise. First, clearly, the armchair by the window was being dragged against the door, then items were being thrown around as though Adam were sweeping the clutter off of the few surfaces in the room. Then the drawers and cabinets were being ripped open and tossed. Finally the noise stopped.

“Darling, Adam can I come in?” The chair wasn’t much of an obstacle but he’d obviously set it there for a reason, to keep Nigel away. The very thought of it crushed Nigel’s heart like a vice.

“I hate you. I don’t want you here.” The voice was a pitch he’d never heard from Adam before and it tore right through him.

“Ok baby. I’m sorry… I’m going to wait in the living room for a bit in case you change your mind and want to talk. But if you don’t change your mind by tonight, I’ll go.” He tried to keep the sadness from his voice. Maybe this was for the best, and yet he couldn’t bring himself to leave immediately, cursing himself for a selfish fucker.

*

Adam stayed in the room until it started to get dark. At first he had been angry that Nigel hadn't left immediately. Then he was ok about it, and then he felt a fresh wave of panic at the thought that Nigel might leave. He moved from the bed and dragged the chair noisily back from the door, returning straight to the bed. Nigel obviously heard the noise and came to the door.

A light knock. "Adam, are you ok?"

"Yes... No…"

"Shall I leave?"

"No."

"Can I come in?"

Adam wanted to say yes immediately but had to force the word out from beneath his anxiety. "Y… Yes."

The door opened slowly, casting in light from the hallway and Nigel's shadow within it.

"Oh, Adam, my little darling." Nigel said as he moved into the room. There was a look Adam wasn't sure of but a slight smile was contained within it. Maybe Nigel was happy he was allowed to stay. "You've built yourself a little nest."

Adam looked about him and nodded timidly. He had pulled Nigel's clothes from the dresser and built a nest of them on the bed - seeking to comfort himself with his alpha's scent even as he shouted at him to leave. Nigel smiled at him and moved closer until he was sat next to Adam on the bed.

Adam was still really scared about what had happened. Even Nigel's scent wasn't calming him completely. He felt an internal struggle to snuggle into that scent and to pull away from Nigel. Nigel had scared him and he wasn't sure how to process it. When he was scared before he knew it was because Nigel was being an alpha and made the effort to be gentle but he'd never seen Nigel be violent. He knew it was there, he was getting a good sense of what Nigel was capable of as he talked a little about his younger days that he could remember. He warned Adam that maybe he wasn't a good person but that he would try to be a good alpha for Adam. And Adam knew he meant it, but Nigel had lost control, and it scared him to his core.

Nigel sat next to him and tried to pull him into his arms, but Adam instinctively backed away.

"Bad…" Adam found himself automatically muttering. He looked quickly to Nigel and away again reading Nigel's expression as one he was sure meant hurt. He whimpered, sad he had hurt Nigel's feelings but unable to stop himself from feeling scared.

"I… I didn't mean to be bad." Nigel's voice was a whisper. "I wanted to protect you, I'd fucking die if anything happened to you." He reached over one hand and Adam let him rub his back to gentle him. "I'm sorry I scared you… but darling you have to know that's what alphas do, they protect their omegas. He might have hurt you, I wasn't going to let that happen."

"But… you attacked him. You wouldn't stop… he… it wasn't fair. Not a fair fight." Adam frowned, understanding the logic of what Nigel was saying but it still felt bad. He knew Nigel was just protecting him and he wanted him to, but Nigel had been so quick to turn violent and Adam wasn't sure that it had been necessary. His dad always warned him about violent alphas.

"I don't want you to hurt people. I don't want you to hurt me." Adam mumbled.

"Baby, I can't hurt you, it would kill me. But I can't promise I won't hurt other people if they hurt you…" Nigel tried to reassure him.

"But he didn't hurt me, he scared me… but he didn't hurt me." Adam tried to explain his fears, calmer now than when they had first returned to the apartment. He looked at Nigel who looked sad but was now nodding.

“I know, I’m sorry. I should’ve just scared him off. I… I lost control. I just wanted to make sure you were safe. I didn’t think…” he sighed “I went too far, you’re right.” Nigel acknowledged. He opened his arms to let Adam fold himself into them if he wanted.

Adam hesitated for a moment but then uncurled himself and moved into Nigel’s lap, letting Nigel wrap his arms around him as he buried his face in Nigel’s neck.

“Please don’t be bad again.” He asked.

“I’ll try my angel, I will try.” Nigel replied gently whilst running a light hand up and down Adam’s back.

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It took Adam quite sometime to fall off to sleep that night. Nigel had gentled him and held him close, scenting his little omega to try and calm him. He’d cleared up some of the room to make Adam feel better and made room for himself on the bed, half of his clothes still strewn across it. Adam’s tired form finally succumbed to sleep as Nigel stroked his soft curls. He couldn’t help but feel touched and optimistic that even in his anger at him, Adam had chosen to gentle himself by surrounding himself with Nigel’s scent.

Holding Adam tight to his chest, Nigel’s heart broke over every little whimper that betrayed Adam's distress had followed him into his dreams. Nigel knew he wouldn't sleep. Partly to ensure that his little Adam was ok, and partly due to his own distress.

He was torn up over scaring Adam. He would never forgive himself and he's was worried that it would happen again. He’d lost control. He’d wanted to kill that alpha for even going near Adam, he might have gone that far if Adam’s cries hadn't stopped him. He didn't even regret it until he realised what it had done to the omega.

He hadn't even had time to process the memory that the violence had sparked. He almost didn't want to. He wanted to be the good alpha Adam needed, and from what he remembered

of 8 years ago he would happily leave that violent lifestyle behind and start fresh - be the kind of alpha Adam wanted and needed. He worried that who he had been wouldn't allow that.

He was torn. He didn't want to bond with Adam until he knew more about himself and gave Adam the choice. But now he was realising that ignorance really was bliss. He thought back to 8 years ago - his last memory - his mother's funeral. His mother was a gentle and supportive woman, someone he never wanted to disappoint and who was always on hand to reprimand him. Angela sort of reminded him of her. When she had died he had never felt so alone. By the time he buried her, he was flying out of control, the drink and drugs stepping up to a new level. In those few days he got into fights. He got drunk. He got high. He only managed to sober up for the morning of the funeral. He didn't remember the afternoon - that's where his memories came to an end. But he could only imagine how life would have continued from there without his mother there to clip him around the ear when he got too out of control. Without her disapproving glares when she didn't like some of the company he was keeping he would have his own typical bad judgement. He remembered a lot of things, a lot of situations that would have gone differently had his mother not been there to reign him as close to the straight and narrow as she possibly could. His life would have spiraled out of control without her.

He shed a tear thinking about her. So odd that it had been 8 years ago and yet to him felt fresh and recent. Only Adam in his life had kept him from dwelling on it. He wasn't sure how he'd cope without Adam in his life and yet he was increasingly wondering if he should let the omega go, for his own good. He couldn't keep putting him through what had happened today and he wasn’t sure how to ensure it didn’t happen again in the future.

Chapter End Notes

I had initially toyed with the idea of the other alpha being someone from Nigel's past, but this is something I might explore in a later installment. For this installment it was more important to explore Nigel recovering memories and how he and Adam deal with the man he used to be.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Nigel struggles as he recovers more memories, and he's starting to wonder if Adam would be better off without him...

Chapter Notes

A little more angst and some vulnerable Nigel, but I promise there will be fluff soon!!

Someone was screaming his name in fear. Gabi. He knew that, he knew her. There were flashes - Gabi screaming, Gabi kissing him, Darko standing beside him with blood on his knuckles, a restaurant and a gun. All images blurred into one scene but he was sure they had all happened years apart.

Finally the images stopped spinning and it was he and Gabi. They were fighting, she wanted to leave him. He couldn't have that, she was his.

"You need an omega Nigel, someone who needs your obsessive fucking nature. I don't need that shit. You don't need me, I'm not sure you even love me, you just want to control me and not let me go." She was heading towards the door.

Nigel felt like he wanted to hit her, but he knew that would make the situation worse. He would never hit her, no matter what buttons she pushed - he drew a line there. He would let her storm out, he would always find her again. He always did. He thought over her words as the door banged shut. Circumstances had put them together and he had wanted to shower her with his love and gratitude. But she was right, it would have been different if she were an omega - as a beta she didn't want or need him in the same way. Once the honeymoon period had come to an end, she had realised her mistake and he couldn't let go - a wound to his alpha pride if nothing else.

He left the apartment a few minutes later, he was going to go see Darko, see what trouble they could rustle up. He knew he'd feel a lot better once he'd beaten the shit out of someone… looking forward to the blood on his hands to ease his frustration...

Nigel woke suddenly, bolting upright in the bed, soaked in sweat and shaking. He looked down at his clean hands and then to Adam who was starting to stir. He cursed having woken him.

“Nigel… are you ok?” his voice was small and tired.

“I'm fine baby, just another bad dream. You go back to sleep.”

Adam ignored him and instead sat up, wiping the sleep from his eyes. He moved closer to Nigel, leaning against him and rubbing a soothing hand down Nigel’s back in the same way Nigel gentled him. The actions tugged at Nigel’s heart.

“These are happening a lot. Maybe you should see a doctor.” Adam told him.

“It's ok. I… I think I'm starting to get some of my memories back, it's just a lot for my brain to process.” Nigel tried to dismiss it, but the dreams and memories had started after he beat up the alpha that had scared Adam. He wasn't sure if the memories had been triggered by the violence or by his fear of losing Adam. He was selfish. He knew he should let Adam go, but he couldn't. It was made even worse by the fact that Adam's next heat was soon and he'd expect to be bonded and yet, despite not being able to bring himself to leave, Nigel couldn't be as cruel as to bond with the omega, trapping him with a bad alpha.

“That’s good I think. It would be good for you to remember.” Adam smiled sleepily. Nigel returned the smile, hoping that Adam wouldn’t tell that it was forced. If anything, the more flashes of memory returned to him, the more he wished he could forget. He had been building a new life, a good life, and he wasn’t sure he liked the man from his memories. He was pretty sure Adam wouldn’t either.

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It was the end of the second week of Nigel’s new security job at the Observatory. He and Adam had been together almost 3 months and Adam's heat was due in a little over a week. They had both booked their heat leave and yet Nigel felt himself pulling away. Adam didn't seem to notice as he was preoccupied with his own distress about going into heat again. At least this time he knew what to expect and trusted Nigel to see him through. He'd gone onto birth control because he was still not ready to even think through the idea of being pregnant without freaking out, but he wanted Nigel to be able to knot him. He also expected to be bitten and bonded. The whole situation was breaking Nigel’s heart. He'd sit there gentling his love when it started to overload him, whilst at the same time he couldn't help but consider how much better off Adam would be without him.

Nigel was still having regular nightmares littered with what seemed to be disjointed and violent memories. Flashes of things he had done to people, even those he had purported to care for, haunted his waking hours. He tried to keep it all hidden from Adam as much as he could while he tried to figure out what to do about it all. Constantly chiding himself for not being strong enough to do the right fucking thing and leave.

He was pulled from this constant train of thought by his radio. He was patrolling and the call came in from the Cosmic Cafe. By the time he got there a heated argument was starting to get

out of control. An alpha was shouting about being short changed and the beta waitress who had been his server was taking the brunt of his anger. He had cornered her and was shouting with his finger in her face. *Unmated alphas, fucking assholes* . Nigel couldn't help but resent the bad name these types have alphas. *Bad alpha* . He didn't have the time to dwell on his own less than stellar status as an unmated alpha before he strode into the situation.

It had been made clear in his training that he had to use only reasonable force. Which he found surprisingly hard as the past he couldn't fully remember obviously demonstrated that he had a short temper and love of violence. So far this guy wasn't being physically violent so he couldn't justify putting hands on, as much as he like to.

“Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to leave.”

The other alpha turned and looked at Nigel with a sneer before reeling off a bunch of profanities about wanting his money back. The beta took the opportunity to get back behind the safety of the counter.

Nigel, still wanting to just grab this fucker by the throat, forced himself to maintain at least an arm length distance. The tirade of abuse continued, now directed at Nigel.

The beta reappeared with a change platter full of money, evidently deciding that refunding the whole bill would be the best move. She held it out at arm reach for him to take it. He snatched it up, still shouting, and managed to tip the small change onto the floor.

“Stupid bitch” the alpha glared and then lunged to slap her. Nigel was quicker, grabbing the asshole’s wrist, his other hand immediately to the back of the guy's collar. The platter full of notes still clutched in his hand, Nigel expertly handled the guy out of the cafe. He could see the other two security coming up quickly on them. He let the guy go.

“You need to calm the fuck down.” He growled at him. This just elicited a growl in return from the asshole who lashed out. Nigel was quick and moved so that the platter only glanced along his jaw with a sting of pain, rather than being slammed directly into his face.

Nigel’s chest was heaving with anger, his fists gripped white. He felt an impulse to grab the man by the throat, fighting it down. Instead his anger exploded from his body as a roar of rage. The alpha before him took a step back and the two other security guards stopped in their tracks for a moment before running over.

He was laughing as he watched the beta’s face turn red. He wouldn't kill him, this time. This was just a warning. Next time this fucker missed a payment he'd be disposing of the body. His fingers squeezed tight…

Security took the alpha by the arms and informed him the police were on their way.

They put restraints on the guy and started to lead him away when one of them, Scott, turned back.

“Nigel, you should get that looked at.” He said before they moved off.

Nigel, still angry and white knuckled, reached up to his jaw, sticky with the blood that was pumping out fast courtesy of his rage filled, hammering pulse. He started to the first aid area but didn't make it. He got to the building and slumped against the wall. The anger was finally leaving him and instead he felt drained. He lowered himself to the ground and put his hands to his face, which he now realised was wet with tears.

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“Nigel?”

Lynnette found him with his knees drawn up, and around them with his face buried.

Of course it had to be her that fucking found him. Could've been worse, could've been Adam. He looked up and tried not to glare at her. Her usual stern expression actually seemed softer.

“I guess I'll get some sort of disciplinary…” he started but she was already shaking her head.

“Scott told me what happened so I went to see you in first aid but you weren't there. Are you ok?”

He could feel from the stinging sensation that his eyes were red with tears.

“Let's go to my office.”

Nigel didn't feel like he was in a position to argue. He'd nearly lost it with that guy, he had wanted to lose it, so maybe the HR office was the best setting.

When they got there Lynnette grabbed him some water and he took a seat opposite her.

“What's going on Nigel?” Her tone was surprisingly warm, almost caring. “You think Adam hasn't noticed, but he mentioned to me the other day that you seemed sad. He's worried about you, worried you're sad because you keep having nightmares.”

Nigel felt his face redden. He couldn't blame his little spaceman, the kid had no filter. He wouldn't have even realised that telling his friend might not be ok. He was surprised he hadn’t raised his concerns with Nigel, but no doubt that was him trying not to make things worse.

“Let me be clear.” Lynnette continued in his silence. “We're talking as friends here, not in a professional capacity.”

“We're friends?” Nigel’s tone was incredulous.

Lynnette shrugged. “Does it matter? We both care about Adam, that makes us something… do you want to tell me what's going on?”

Nigel inhaled deeply as he considered.

“Honestly? Alpha to alpha. I'm starting to think I'm not right for Adam. I think he'd be better off without me.”

Lynnette raised an eyebrow. “No, no. You can't do that.” A stern tone. “You're his alpha. Seriously, he's never going to fall for anyone else, you're the only alpha he's ever going to trust to take care of him. If you leave he'll be alone and vulnerable and he won’t trust any alpha again. It will be as if you had bonded for the harm it will do to lose you… and, despite my reservations as his friend, you're good for him. You're what he'd needs.”

Nigel sighed and rubbed his hand over his face. “I'm starting to remember. I'm remembering I'm not a good man. I've done things… I'm terrified I'm going to hurt him or scare him by hurting someone else. It's my nature… bad alpha.”

“That's not true. You could have attacked that guy at the cafe, hell, I don't doubt you could've killed him, but Scott days you didn't put a hand on him out of line.” Lynnette said with force but a soft expression.

“But I wanted to. I remembered doing before exactly what I wanted to do with the asshole.”

“But you didn't.”

Nigel sighed. She was right but even feeling the impulse and having to fight back it told him he was too bad for Adam.

“Maybe it would help to talk about it? Friends or not, I'm happy to listen… alpha to alpha.” She smiled reassuringly.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Nigel starts to deal with his past, with the help of friends old and new...

Chapter Notes

Ok, the angst is almost over, thanks for sticking with it. Good things are coming!! :D

The phone rang. He'd tried a few times over the last couple of days with no response. Getting her number had not been easy. He had been calling Darko's club every hour until someone gave in and told him where she worked at least. The phone just rang. He only knew it wasn't a dud number because after a while it would redirect to the reception or box office. He never left a message.

After two days he finally got someone on the phone and asked if Gabi was there. The phone was handed over.

In the moments it took her to answer, Nigel felt suddenly apprehensive and had to wonder what the fuck he was doing. He'd told Lynnette almost everything about his dreams and memories and it was her suggestion to contact someone from his past who might be able to verify fact from fiction. Darko seemed out of the question after his warning to leave, but he dared enough to pester his club until he tracked down the only other person he remembered in the hopes that she wasn't fiction.

"Hello?"

"Gabi?" though he didn't need to confirm it - the sound of her voice brought back a flash of an image. A wedding day. Nigel felt it like a weight in his stomach. He'd been married. He hadn't known. Hadn't realised. Another thing he'd unintentionally kept from Adam. His chest tightened wondering how he would tell his little spaceman about this.

"Nigel?" The surprise in her voice was tinged with hesitation.

"Please don't hang up. I need… I need help." He wasn't sure if she would hang up, but from the memories he'd recovered of her so far it wouldn't surprise him.

There was quiet on the line for what felt like minutes. The only way Nigel knew she hadn't hung up was because he could still hear the tuning of musical instruments in the background.

“You sound different.” She finally replied. Nigel smiled, grateful she hadn’t decided to just hang up and forget about him. “What happened to you Nigel? I saw you being taken to the hospital and then you just vanished… not that I wasn’t ok with that. It was a relief to be honest.” Her voice sounded that relief and then there was silence again, as though she wasn’t sure if she’d crossed a line.

“I’m sorry Gabi, um… for everything I guess.”

“Well, now I know something’s wrong. What is it Nigel, what’s going on?”

He took a breath, no idea where to start. “I’m in California. Darko came to the hospital and told me to leave. I did because… well, I’ve lost a lot of my memory. I had no idea what was going on. But I’ve started to remember and… it’s fucking hell. I don’t know who I was, some fucking maniac.” The words tumbled out. “I remembered you and I just wanted to ask if you could help - I don’t know what’s real. I remember lots of bad things… I think I’ve killed people.”

There was another short silence. “Well, that’s a lot to process. California? Ok, this is messed up. Everything with you always is.” She sounded worn out and he could only imagine what he’d put her through.

“Can you help… I understand if you don’t want to…”

“Here’s what I can tell you Nigel - you’re not a good man. Yes, you’ve killed people. You’ve hurt people. You were a criminal, a drug dealer. When we first met I fell in love with you before I knew what you were and for a while I thought I could redeem you, but it became clear that wasn’t going to happen. That was the beginning of the end, then there was the divorce… which you handled like a fucking asshole...” Her words trailed off as though she had run out of energy for them.

“Oh.” Nigel tried to take in the information that he already knew was true, but having it confirmed was a bitter pill to swallow without the added digs about their own personal history.

“Nigel… are you ok?” Gabi asked gently. “What are you doing out there in California?” There was a soft care to her voice, perhaps she was worried her confirmations had hurt him, perhaps she was just scared he might retaliate in some way. They had evidently cared for each other once, even if it was in a destructive and unmanageable way.

“I’m living.” he replied, his tone low, his throat constricting as though he wanted to weep. “I have a job, I met someone. We live together now and… fuck.” He rubbed his hand over his face. “How can I… I don’t know how to carry on knowing who I was. How can I be a good man for him?” He wasn’t sure if he was asking Gabi or himself.

“An omega?” Gabi asked.

“Yes…” Nigel felt suddenly awkward, speaking of such things with someone who had been his wife and was simultaneously a stranger.

She laughed. A pleasant laugh of genuine high spirits. “Well, that’s great. I’ve always said that’s what you needed in your life. Look Nigel, it sounds to me like you’ve been given a second chance. You sound different, you really do - much less swearing for a start. Maybe you’re discovering who you could’ve been if you’d made different decisions. Maybe this omega is your redemption. If you’ve got a good thing, something really real this time, then don’t throw it away. If you don’t remember doing all those things then it wasn’t you that did them - you are a new person with a new life and new chances and decisions. You’re not in Bucharest anymore Dorothy.”

“I wish it were that easy.... Adam… Adam’s different, he’s unique. I know I scare him sometimes, I know it hurts him when I scare him. I don’t know how to be a good man for him.”

Voices called in the background on Gabi’s end. “Nigel, I’ve really got to go, but if you’re serious about being a good man for your Adam, then I suggest you leave the past in the past, make a new future with him. As for how to be a good man - I have one piece of advice - anger management.”

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Nigel dropped into Lynnette’s office after his shift ended, to let her know what had happened on his lunch break call. She ushered him in and into a chair, closing the door before sitting back behind her desk with eager eyes.

“So, how’d it go?”

It felt strange for Nigel that this weird friendship was growing with the woman. The only relationships he’d had in the past with other alphas that he could remember were business ones. Which was to say criminal ones. Never really actually friends. Unless you possibly counted Darko, but then Nigel still remembered so little of the man it was hard to tell. The guy had run him out of Bucharest.

“The girl I remembered, Gabi, I spoke with her. Turns out she’s my ex-wife.”

“Ouch.” Lynnette’s expression showed her clear concern for her new friend. “Did talking to her help at all?”

Nigel slumped a little and sighed. “Well, she confirmed I’m a criminal - drugs. It’s fair to say I’m not a nice person…”

“Weren’t, Nigel. Weren’t. You aren’t that person any more. I have to admit I haven’t been your biggest fan, probably more to do with my own prejudices and over protective feelings towards Adam than anything else. The truth is, since I’ve known you, you’ve gone out of your way to care for Adam in a way I get the impression no one ever has before. You’re holding down a good job, you’re making a life here in this community. Other than all the swearing and a temper that could probably be taken down a notch or two even for an alpha, there’s nothing that marks you out as anything other than a good guy.” She smiled reassuringly.

“Except my past…”

“Which you can’t remember! You need to forget about it, if you want to be with Adam and have this life then just do it, what’s stopping you?”

“That’s sort of what Gabi said.”

“Smart girl. Other than her taste in men obviously.” Lynnette teased with a smile. Nigel returned the smile half heartedly. “Nigel, think back on the bad things you remember - would you do them now? Would this new you do them?”

He thought for a moment - violence, death. He could imagine himself doing it. He could imagine killing the alpha that had scared Adam, but he hadn’t. He could have hurt the guy who threw a fucking tantrum in the cafe, but he held back. The truth was, he knew he had liked the violence, he knew he would still enjoy kicking the shit out of someone. But he couldn’t do it, not with Adam’s heart at stake.

“I need to tell Adam everything.” He realised aloud.

“Yes, you do. And then it’s up to him. But I suspect he’ll see it the same way I do - that was a different person, it isn’t who you are now.”

“But it could be. I can feel it itching beneath my skin.”

Lynnette gave him a concerned look. “Honey, did you have many alphas around growing up?”

“Not good ones. An uncle, a real fuck of an uncle. Dad died.” Nigel admitted, forlorn.

“I’m going to tell you now. They think omegas have it hard when they don’t have an omega influence. Look at Adam - his dad tried his best by him but it’s hard for betas to understand and he held him back whether he meant to or not. It’s just as bad for alphas, maybe worse. I didn’t have an alpha around until I was a teenager. My parents were betas and when I presented as alpha… well, they had no damn clue. They’re great people, but what could they do? It was only when I started to get out of hand that I ended up being enrolled in a martial arts class. My school counselor thought it would be a good way to channel my aggression and learn discipline. He wasn’t wrong. The instructor was an alpha and it changed my life meeting her. It was more than they taught in biology class - she helped me understand why, as an alpha, I felt and reacted the way I did to things. She helped me control the impulses that come naturally to us. She pulled my alpha brain out of the stone-age where it had been languishing. When alphas lack someone like that then it can be hard for them…” She threw a cautious look at Nigel but he was nodding his understanding and agreement. “If you’d had different influences maybe you’d have channelled things a different way, maybe not turned to crime.”

“Maybe…” He muttered. Still not wholly convinced even if her words made sense. It was hard not to see himself as anything other than a bad alpha whether he could have helped it or not.

Lynnette could see he wasn't quite convinced. "Listen, come with me to the gym next week. I've segued in the last few years from martial arts into boxing. It feels damn good hitting people Nigel, you know that. So maybe you should just try hitting someone who wants you to and hope you don't take too many hits back." She smiled.

This time he smiled back. That seemed like something he could get behind.

*

Adam should have been home two hours before Nigel, he had booked some leave to prepare for his heat, get in some groceries and such and so had only worked a half day. But he ended up getting home only an hour before Nigel was due home, because he had gotten sidetracked at the store.

He wanted to do something special for Nigel, he knew he'd been sad and hadn't wanted to make it worse by prying. He wanted Nigel to be able to come to him and tell him everything, but he was almost too scared to ask. He was scared it was about hurting people. He was scared Nigel wanted to leave. Instead of asking himself he'd built it up in his mind,he was now terrified of the several worst case scenarios his brain has formulated.

He struggled to push down the anxiety as he emptied the groceries on the countertop and felt his breath hitch. Amongst the usual groceries was also a ribeye steak all ready for cooking. He let the breath out drummed his fingers against his leg as he looked at the steak.

"This is ok. This is ok…" he repeated a few times, nodding to himself. In theory he knew how to cook the steak - he had looked it up online. He knew it was one of Nigel's favourites and if would make him happy. He knew there were lots and pans in the cupboard that he'd never really needed to use until now.

"This is ok…" he rocked slightly "Ok. OK…" he nodded and tried to rein in his anxiety. In the end he settled for going to the bedroom and burying his head in the clothes Nigel had left on the armchair from the day before, breathing in the calming scent.

He could do this for Nigel, to surprise him and make him happy.

*

When Nigel opened the door he was surprised to smell a steak cooking. He was even more surprised to see a nervous looking Adam cooking whilst his upper body swam in Nigel's dachshund shirt.

Nigel couldn't help a smile, not sure Adam had even noticed him come in, so preoccupied was he in cooking the steak. He knew better than to sneak up on his darling, so he cleared his throat and took off his jacket.

Adam looked up at him, worrying his bottom lip with his nervousness.

"I think I cooked too much blood out of it." He whimpered, his eyes a little glassy.

Nigel went quickly to him, taking Adam into one arm and the pan in the other. He looked it over as he took it off the heat.

“It's perfect, gorgeous.” Nigel smiled and kissed Adam's curls. “Just like you.” He felt Adam relax into his arms. He'd obviously been wound as tight as a coil.

He made Adam's mac and cheese while the omega stood quietly looking at the steak. Finally they sat to eat. He pulled his chair close to Adam's so that he could stroke his darling’s thigh in an attempt to keep him calm. The steak was a little overdone and now pretty cold but he would never mention that to his angel. Just the fact Adam had made this effort for him made it the best steak he'd ever eaten.

After a few more reassuring comments about the steak Nigel cleared his throat. “This is so nice Adam, you shouldn't have gone to this trouble… will you tell me what's wrong baby?”

Adam hadn't really touched his food, just pushing it around his plate - always a bad sign. He couldn't meet Nigel’s eyes, another bad sign, and then he whimpered and started to rock ever so slightly.

“shh, angel, it's ok.” He picked Adam up out of the chair and took him to the sofa. He dropped down with Adam now in his lap and pressed tight to him in an effort to comfort him.

“I wanted to give you a nice surprise but I've ruined it.” Adam practically whispered.

“No darling. It was a wonderful surprise. I'm really proud of you, you did a really good job.” he stroked circles in the base of Adam's back.

“I don't want you to leave.” Adam muttered info Nigel’s a neck. “You're sad and I don't know what to do to help.”

Nigel’s heart sank. He knew Adam wasn't stupid and would have picked up that Nigel was pulling away, but as Adam hadn’t said anything he had just fooled himself into believing that it didn’t need to be broached. At least not until Nigel quit being selfish and did the right fucking thing and leave. But as he felt Adam’s tears rolling onto his shoulder he knew there was no way he could leave. Selfish or not, he couldn’t hurt Adam by leaving any more than he could hurt him by staying. Lynnette and Gabi were right, he just had to leave the past behind him, make a new life as this new person. Deal with it one way or another.

“I’m not going to leave, gorgeous.” Nigel soothed. “I can’t leave you, you’re my fucking life.” He admitted as hepulled Adam back from his chest so he could look into his crystal blue eyes, which took a few moments to finally settle on his. “I’m sorry I’ve been so distant, I’ve been… dealing with a lot and I didn’t want you to worry.”

“I do worry, I am worried.” Adam muttered and lowered his eyes.

Nigel took Adam’s head into his hands and pulled him forwards, peppering kisses over his face and curls. “I know darling, I’m sorry. I’ve been so stupid, I know I should have talked to you but I didn’t know what to say. But we do need to talk.” He moved Adam back again, who looked directly at him, perched in his lap.

“You started to remember your past and it makes you sad.” He stated.

“Yes, that’s why I’ve been sad. I need to tell you Adam, I remembered I was a bad alpha. Really bad, worse than any your dad warned you about. But I don’t really remember being that person and I can’t imagine being him now. I know I get angry, I know I overreact and I need to control that impulse to be violent, but I’d never hurt you. You’re my fucking everything. I’m going to be better, I’m going to be a good alpha for you…” Nigel’s words dried up along with his throat, which was tight with emotion. Adam hadn’t taken his eyes off Nigel’s, taking in everything intently.

After a moment of silence Adam reached his hands up and took hold of Nigel’s face, maintaining a stern gaze, something Nigel had never seen him do before.

“Nigel. You aren’t that person. Maybe I’m selfish for not wanting you to leave, but if I really thought you were bad I would have to leave. I don’t care about your past, because it wasn’t you. The person that was bad died in the hospital in Bucharest.” His words were firm and direct, which took Nigel aback a little.

“Adam, you… you’re just so… You’re everything to me and I love you, but you really need to know everything before you can decide that.” He spoke through his constricting throat, watching Adam’s face turn from stern to concerned as he took Adam’s hands in his own. “Adam, I was married. I treated her really badly. I’ve done terrible things… I’ve killed people.” He had to get it out, all the worst of it, all the things Adam needed to know.

Adam sat a little further back on Nigel’s lap, his face creased in concentration as he took in Nigel’s words.

“But… um, it wasn’t you. I know you know I’m clever, but I know people think I’m stupid too because I don’t understand people, but that doesn’t mean I don’t understand what you’re saying. I hate that you were married because it makes me feel jealous that you loved someone else. I hate that you’ve killed people because that’s bad and wrong. But it wasn’t you and there is nothing you can do to change it. I’m not smart about people, but if you had never remembered then you would never have known and we would be happy. So, can’t you just… not remember?”

The innocent look on Adam’s face was heartbreaking. Nigel shook his head. “If I pretend not to remember, that would make me bad too. But I’m not that person, and there is nothing I can do about the past. All I can do is make sure in the future I am good.”

Adam nodded. “Ok, well… nothing will change your past. So I think you should stay with me. If you left because of your past then you would be being bad to me. But if you stayed and made me happy, and maybe we can do things to make other people happy… like, we could do things for charity, then you would be good.” Adam’s face belayed the formulating of ideas in his brain, and it made Nigel feel lighter. With Adam to show him how, then he surely could be good.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Here comes the heat... and the love and fluff :)

Adam was glad Nigel wasn't leaving. There was still a lot to process for both of them, but Adam felt he was prepared. He had known Nigel wasn't fully good from the moment they met, but he was the alpha meant for him, so he could ignore it so far. And now he felt vindicated - Nigel was a good alpha but he had been bad, but couldn't remember so it wasn't really him. Adam was going to help him be good and his past didn't matter. But it did, Adam knew that,and it mattered to Nigel. It would take a while for Nigel to push beyond his newfound memories, and it would take a while for Adam to be comfortable that he had killed people and had been married. He knew the marriage part wasn't the most important thing, but he couldn't help but let it affect him.

When they went to bed he had gentled Nigel as Nigel usually did him. He took his shirt from the day and put it on Nigel's pillow so it smelt like Adam's scent. He made Nigel lay down in the bed and then Adam was the big spoon and rubbed his hand up and down Nigel's back and side, muttering soothing noises in his ear. Nigel didn't sob but even so, Adam could see in the dim light that his face was wet. It was hard for Adam to understand other people's emotions, but on a logical level he knew why Nigel was hurting. He soothed him more, trying to gentle away the sadness as Nigel did with his anxiety but he knew it wasn't working quite as well.

"Nigel?" He whispered, unsure whether Nigel had started to fall asleep and if he hadn't, whether he would really want to talk.

"Angel?" Adam recognised the tone as one of sadness, based on Nigel's recent behaviour. Adam sat up in the bed and pulled Nigel's shoulder back so that he was laying on his back looking up at him.

"I hope time will make it better. I don't think there is anything I can do that will make it better… but, uh I'm here to talk if ever you need to and,uh… you can talk to me about your being married..." Adam's voice almost disappeared into a whisper, unsure if he should ask about it at this point but unable to stop himself as it was at the fore of his mind and slowly causing him anxiety.

Nigel nodded. He knew Nigel would understand that was how his brain worked and he needed to know more to be happy and to not work himself up into distress. "She was a beta, called Gabi. I don't remember much of it, just flashes. I… I spoke with her today, to try and find out more…"

Nigel stopped and Adam realised he'd let out an involuntary whimper at the mention that Nigel had been in contact with her. Nigel quickly sat in the bed and pulled Adam into his arms.

"I had to talk to someone who could help verify my memories. She did that. She hates me…" he let out a low chuckle which Adam felt in Nigel's chest. "We weren't good together or for each other. She says because I needed to find an omega. I told her about you and she was happy for me, she told me I had to keep hold of you. I don't remember loving her, but I know that if I did, I love you more. I could never love anyone the way I love you, gorgeous." Nigel had begun stroking Adam's curls and Adam couldn't help a small smile.

"Like with Beth. I sort of loved her, but not like this. We're supposed to be together forever because we are the right alpha and omega for each other. So we couldn't love them like this." Adam rationalised, it was easy to understand that Nigel had had someone like he'd had Beth. He knew it meant he had nothing to be jealous of.

He pulled back and looked at Nigel's face. He didn't look as sad, his mouth not as downturned.

"Nigel, I think you should bite me. When I'm in heat… we should...uh… bond. I want to be your Mate..." He started to waver as he said the words, worried that Nigel would say no, having already been so hesitant. "We're meant to be together forever and you said I needed to know you better and now I think I know as much as I need to know and I still want you to bond with me." Adam's words came out in a flurry.

Nigel remained silent but looked at him, deep into his eyes, which Adam held. It was hard but he knew maintaining eye contact was the best way to make sure Nigel understood how serious he was.

"I don't care about anything you've done when you weren't the you you are now. I just want to help you be better from now on, and if we're bonded then some of my goodness will always be part of you, and I can help you carry some of your badness…"

He couldn't continue as Nigel pulled him close, pressing him to his chest and kissing him deeply. He could feel the possessive growl in Nigel's chest and knew that was a yes.

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When Nigel left for work the next morning he felt lighter. He felt as though a weight had been lifted. He really didn't deserve Adam, he didn't deserve his mind or his heart, or his goodness. But for some reason he had it, and so he had to live up to that - maybe Gabi was right that it was some kind of redemption. Despite weeks of doubt, he knew that bonding with Adam was exactly the right thing to do. It would be unfair not to - Adam needed him to. And he couldn't deny his little spaceman a god damn fucking thing even if he wanted to.

He had gotten ready quickly and left as soon as he could. He could smell that Adam was coming into pre-heat and if he didn't force himself to go he wouldn't. But his heat leave didn't start until the next day, and Adam might not even be in full blown heat for a day or two

yet, so he had to do the right thing by his job. And that felt good. That felt like something the old Nigel wouldn't have bothered with. Small, positive things.

Even so by the time he got to work he was ridiculously agitated. It was hard to be away from his omega knowing that his heat was just around the corner, but such was modern life - work was work. He was glad it turned out to be a quiet day as he was sure he'd completely lose it if anything kicked off and it reminded him to look into anger management classes when Adam's heat was over. In the meanwhile he had been glad to bizarrely find a reasonable friend in Lynnette and so dropped in on her during his lunch break.

He knocked on her office door and waited to be invited in. When she did so he entered and slumped into the chair opposite her.

"I just wanted to say thanks for yesterday, it really helped."

"Damn Nigel, should you be here?" Lynnette asked with a light laugh. He looked at her curiously. "You look like shit. Adam's about to go into heat I'm guessing." She grinned at him.

He grinned back. "I feel like shit. I just want to be at home, ready to pounce." He laughed.

"I hate this bit." She confided with a smile. "Always much better when the pre-heat lands on a non-working day. But seriously, if it is too distracting, I'm sure we can let you go early. You won't be much good to us if you're pining all day."

"Nah, it's ok. Half way through now. And it's not like I'm having to crunch numbers or something that actually needs a functioning brain. I can just patrol for the afternoon. I'll call others in if anything kicks off… Not sure I trust myself to hold back right now."

Lynnette nodded. "That reminds me. I've set up a training session for the week after next, at the gym I was telling you about. I figure we go there first and I will show you the ropes and then Carlos will get you started. He's my trainer too, great guy but he will push you and I think you need that."

"Boxing?" Nigel recalled.

"Yeah." Lynnette was smiling, evidently happy to be doing this for her new friend.

"Sure, let's do it. Thanks." Nigel returned the smile. "Adam and I… we talked last night, he knows everything now and he's ok. I mean he's not ok with it really, but he's ok with me."

"...because it wasn't you." Lynnette interjected waving her hand for him to continue on.

"I suppose if enough people say that, I might start to think that it's true." His smile faltered a little. He couldn't change anything, he wasn't even sure how to live with it, but he knew he could change his future with people like Adam and their friends in his life. "We… uh, Adam wants us to bond." He looked down.

"Good, that's great. That's exactly what you should do." Lynnette's happy enthusiasm brought his eyes back up. "Adam needs it. Now he's found you he needs to know he gets to

keep you, you know that, I don't need to tell you that. He needs the stability if you're going to stay in his life. And let's face it, you need him just as much if not more. He's good for you. I'm really happy for you both."

"Lynnette, you know, when we first met I fucking hated you. I hated that you were so up in our business when you've barely known Adam any longer than I have."

Lynnette laughed. "Believe me, it was mutual. But can you blame me. Sweet little Adam that I've taken under my wing because he was trying so hard not to be a lost little lamb, and along you come. With your swearing and that god awful tattoo and a clearly dangerous vibe. What kind of friend would I have been? It doesn't matter now, I have the measure of you now, it just took me a while to see it. The main thing is I know that I don't ever need to warn you not to hurt Adam."

"I could never…"

"Exactly. So we have no problem." She gave that almost smug grin that he fucking hated.

"You know Lynnette, you can still be quite a bitch." he grinned.

She laughed heartily. "That's how I got where I am today."

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Nigel could feel the relief washing over him as he finished work and headed home. The closer he got to Adam the better he felt - he had got through the day and now it was just him and Adam for the next few days. And they would bond - the thought made him smile. A week ago he couldn't have even thought of this moment. In fact he might have even been able to convince himself to leave at the first sign of Adam's heat and do them both the favour. But he knew that would have been the wrong decision for both of them in the end.

He was smiling when he arrived at the apartment, a smile soon frozen by the scent in the air as he opened the door. Adam was already in full heat - they knew this might happen as a reaction to coming off the suppressants, but even so it was a surprise - a delightful one. The air was thick with the beautiful earthy scent and Nigel's body responded immediately. He started to strip out of his clothes as he made his way to the bedroom, naked and erect by the time he got there.

Adam was in the bed, a few toys strewn around. He looked up through damp curls and tired pleading eyes to Nigel.

"Baby, why didn't you call, I would have come straight home." Nigel told him, moving immediately to his side and pulling him close.

"Um… no time…" Adam muttered.

Nigel wasn't sure if he meant he hadn't had the time to call, or there was no time to discuss it. Either way, it didn't much matter now he was here to take care of his precious little omega.

Adam whimpered and moved his head to bare his neck, pleading with his eyes. Nigel chuckled and soothed him with a hand to the base of his back.

“I know darling, we’ll come to that.” He didn’t want to hurt Adam physically as much as he wanted to bite him, so he would try and make sure it hurt as little as possible. He’d bite him whilst they were knotted, he heard it was less painful for the omega that way.

First he wanted to kiss Adam all over, to worship his beautiful body in gratitude for what he had, but he knew Adam didn’t need that right now. He needed his alpha to knot him. He crushed a kiss to Adam’s lips and in response received a whimper that he knew from the last heat meant that he wasn’t fulfilling Adam’s needs quick enough. Adam started to squirm away from him, trying to position himself on the bed with his ass high - presented and ready. Nigel pulled him back, he wanted to see his gorgeous little angel when he knotted him.

He pulled Adam up the bed, pushing him onto his back and then laying over him. Crushing him to the bed as he kissed him again and their cocks pressed together with delightful friction that only earned another impatient whimper from Adam. Nigel chuckled and moved down Adam’s body, lacing kisses down the porcelain skin of his chest and abdomen until he met the downy hair that started at the omega’s navel. With a great effort, because he’d become pretty enamoured with having Adam’s throbbing cock in his mouth, he kept moving down. Adam automatically hitched up and spread his legs with another whimper that caught in his throat as Nigel spread Adam apart and ran his tongue up the crevasse of the omega’s ass. He groaned at the taste of the slick on his tongue, his knot already throbbing in response and his control staying to waver. Adam whimpered again as his he removed his tongue, so he licked again, and again - tongue wide, catching the slick that was now running thick. He dipped his tongue into Adam, earning him an arched back and keening noise. He was already well prepared, but Nigel let himself indulge for a few minutes, loving the way Adam tasted as he dipped his tongue in and out and around. That was all the time Adam allowed before he went back to whimpering.

Nigel smiled, being consumed by a feeling of possessiveness, knowing he was the only alpha that Adam would ever respond to. After today there was no one else for Adam, or for him. As if there ever could be from the second he’d met Adam fucking Raki.

He pulled himself back up over Adam, his beautiful blue eyes had gone from pleading to wanton. He knew it wasn’t his own lust just reflected there by the way Adam snaked up his hands and pulled Nigel into a passionate kiss. Nigel moved forward, not even needing his hands to help position him as his cock immediately found it’s target.

“Fuck…” He couldn’t help but exclaim as he pushed into Adam’s tight heat. “Fuck, darling, you’re just so fucking beautiful.” he managed between the hungry kisses Adam was demanding of him. Adam wrapped his legs up around him and squeezed his heels, pulling Nigel deep. Nigel was happy to oblige, burying himself as deep as he could before pulling back. Although slow between thrusts, Nigel made sure they were deep - slamming hard back into Adam with every thrust. Adam keened and raised his hips to meet Nigel’s until they were both thrusting together. Adam’s panting breath was laced with little moans of pleasure at each thrust, his hands now clawing at Nigel’s back in an effort to pull him deeper.

“Knot… alpha... alpha…” Adam pleaded through deep breaths.

Nigel was panting heavily as he rested his forehead against Adam's and pushed forward hard. His thrusts going deep until he felt his knot pressing against the tight ring of Adam's entrance. He pulled back slightly and thrust again, hard again at first until resistance was met and then slow but steady - his knot pushing into Adam and being squeezed almost painfully. They both cried out as the came together. Nigel stilled for a moment, losing himself in the pain and pleasure of it as Adam's muscles gripped around him and squeezed his knot - his mind now a blank wash of white.

"Alpha…" Adam's voice brought him from his revery. Nigel pulled back to look down at him and Adam moved his head to the side to expose his neck. His eyes still found Nigel's and with a blissful smile he invited "Nigel… my alpha…"

Nigel winced as he came again at Adam's words, his knot throbbing almost painfully where it now held them fast together. His sweat was beading down onto Adam's clammy skin and his angel had never looked more gorgeous. He lowered his mouth to Adam's neck and licked, slow and long from collar bone to ear, tasting the sweat. He followed the same route down, lacing kisses until Adam squirmed under him, causing him to come again, which made Adam giggle. He finally laid his teeth on Adam's neck. He wanted to tear, he wanted to leave the sort of scar he knew he was capable of to mark Adam as his forever. But instead he was gentle with his precious darling. Holding back enough not to let himself go that far. He bit down until he could feel the rush of blood pool on his tongue. Adam let out a sound somewhere between agony and ecstasy and bucked, causing them both to cum hard.

Their bodies relaxed into each others, the knot holding them tight together as Nigel took advantage of Adam's calmness to lick and suck at his neck until the blood stopped. Adam let out a satisfied sigh and entwined himself around Nigel. For a short while they were both back in control, until the knot deflated and Adam needed him again. Nigel rolled onto his back, his arms tight around Adam so they moved seamlessly together. The little omega looked down at him with a smile as he moved his hand up to his neck and felt the bite. He winced a little but it didn't remove the smile he still beamed at Nigel.

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"I love you." Adam said, trying not to let his eyes dart away because he needed Nigel to know he really meant it.

"I love you too angel." Nigel brushed his hands up through the wet curls that were sticking to Adam's forehead. When he let his hand drop he moved his head to the side, baring his neck.

"You...uh, you want me to bite you? Are you sure?" Adam asked. A lot of alphas didn't hold with the modern practice, he knew. After his first heat he had researched on the internet more about bonding and biting so that he felt a little more prepared. He knew some alphas thought that being bitten by their omegas was a sign of weakness - it had traditionally been a mark of ownership of the omega so traditional types of alpha wouldn't have any of it.

Nigel turned his head back to look deep into his eyes. "Gorgeous, I want the whole fucking world to know I'm yours, nothing would make me prouder."

Adam felt his heart flutter at the words. This was love, he knew. He hadn't been sure when he was with Beth and he had been hesitant since meeting Nigel because he was unsure how love was supposed to feel. But them belonging to each other was love, he knew that. He couldn't help but giggle and squirm above Nigel in response, causing the alpha to cry out and grit his teeth as Adam felt him cum inside him again. Adam laughed and Nigel growled as he turned his head to the side once more.

Adam kissed the spot just at the base of his neck,a little lower than where Nigel had bitten him. Then he kissed it again to make sure Nigel was ready. He opened his mouth wide and bit into the thick muscle of Nigel's neck, unsure if he could break the skin until he did and blood trickled into his mouth. It wouldn't be a deep scar, he knew because omegas couldn't bite as deep as alphas, but it would still be there. Just like Nigel.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Our boys are bonded and life is good!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Nigel was waiting outside with his gym bag when Lynnette swung by to pick him up. She smiled at Adam who was waiting at the door and waving joyfully. Nigel turned back and pulled Adam into a passionate embrace before finally releasing the little omega and trotting down to Lynnette's car.

She was grinning when he got in. "I see the honeymoon period is still going strong."

Nigel looked over at her, daring her to be a bitch about it but she just laughed in response.

"You guys are so cute. I hope Angela and I were as cute as that when we first bonded. I'm amazed I managed to pry you away. I'm amazed you've been showing up to work, truth told." She continued to smile as she started to drive off.

"Well, work is easy, I just find Adam at lunchtime and pull him into the janitor's closet for a quick fuck." Nigel replied with a grin. Lynnette looked over at him and clearly couldn't tell from his grin whether or not he was joking, which made him grin even more.

"Yes, well… as HR Manager I can't say I approve…" her smile didn't waver and the implication that as a friend she didn't much mind hung in the air.

When they got to the gym Lynnette introduced him around to the regulars. It was the sort of place he'd imagined from watching the Rocky movies - a boxing gym. A couple of rings, weights, a variety of punching bags, various other equipment. The people much as he imagined too - Carlos was an older Mexican-American with two day old stubble. The patrons were mix of men and women - all alphas. Half of the regulars were kids beefing up, just a hint of the previous scrawniness. The other half were old hands - thick ropey muscles, many with tattoos. Lynnette stood out as someone in this for the fitness not the competition, but she seemed well liked and respected.

Lynnette found them space at a large punch bag and then stripped off her sweater, her casual gym top underneath making her seem a little strange to Nigel. He had never seen her look so under dressed and it was really odd.

"Stop it Nigel." She told him as she noticed his grin.

“I’m just surprised you’re willing to get a hair out of fucking place.” He continued to grin.

“I’m happy to get my hair messed up whilst I beat the crap out of you.” She returned with her own grin. She’d been right when she’d said Nigel had lacked the right kind of alphas around when he was growing up. He couldn’t help but wonder what his life would have been like with a friend or sibling like Lynnette around.

Lynnette started giving Nigel pointers on his punches as they warmed up, waiting for Carlos to join them from his earlier training session. Nigel was already enjoying it, even if it was burning off the energy he wished he was at home burning off with Adam.

“Lynnette said you’d be a natural.” Carlos’s voice came from behind as Nigel threw another punch at the bag. “A little rough, but the basics are there, we just need to smooth you out.”

Nigel smiled at the trainer, inclining his head at the compliment.

“Ok, let’s see your form, we’ll get the basics down and then see how you fare. I think I’d like to throw you in at the deep end Nigel and get you in the ring before you leave today. Let’s see if we can’t get the measure of you and work out a proper training plan”.

Nigel nodded with a grin.

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Adam was really pleased with himself. When he made the decision to leave New York even though Beth wasn’t coming, he was determined but terrified. He had managed to get to California before the inevitable meltdown would have occurred - if not for the scent of Nigel’s shirts helping him stay calm. He was pleased with himself when he started his new job, with no help from his dad, and even made friends with people. In a way, he was thankful to Beth as meeting her was what had initially pushed him from his comfort zone. He was even more thankful that she decided not to come to California, forcing him to make his own way. Freeing him up to meet Nigel. He was pleased with himself that he had managed to get through his fear of alphas and even his initial fear of Nigel and let himself love and be loved by someone who felt as unique and messed up as he was in different ways. He was pleased that he had been in California five months and his entire world had changed for the better. But at this moment he was just really pleased with himself for having gone to the store and bought a nice ribeye steak for Nigel.

He sat watching the clock. He had researched more on the internet and had figured out exactly how long it would take to cook it to Nigel’s liking. He was going to wait until 12.30 and then start cooking and it would be ready just as Nigel arrived home. And Nigel would be hungry from working out and would need meat from the exertion of it. He was pleased that he wasn’t nervous at all. Maybe because he had cooked steak before, maybe because since being bonded he felt a little less nervous about a lot of things, especially where Nigel was concerned.

The hand ticked over and Adam moved to the kitchen. He had already prepared the meat, he just turned on the cooker and moved the pan onto it, watching intently for when he needed to turn the steak.

Nigel arrived home a few minutes before Adam had calculated and he wondered if Lynnette had driven too fast.

“Adam?”

“One minute.” Adam answered with a look at the clock. One minute left until the steak was done. He could hear Nigel dropping his gym bag and moving to the kitchen but he didn’t look up. He raised his hand to stop Nigel’s anticipated approach, his eyes flicking between the steak and the clock. When the hand ticked over he turned off the cooker and moved the steak off the heat, looking up with a prideful grin.

“Nigel!” Adam was startled by Nigel’s bruised appearance, despite the grin his alpha was giving him.

“You cooked me a steak.” Nigel smiled and took Adam into his arms. Adam let himself be manhandled, nuzzled and gently fondled before pulling back and taking Nigel’s face into his hands for a closer inspection.

“You’re hurt.” Adam was concerned. He was worried that Nigel was hurt and he was worried how Nigel had gotten hurt.

“Just a scratch.” Nigel dismissed. “You should see the other guy.”

Adam could clearly see that the slight gash under Nigel’s left eye and the blossoming black eye above it were angry and painful, but Nigel was beaming a smile at him as though it wasn’t even there.

“Did you hurt someone?” Adam asked cautiously. He knew Nigel had gone to learn to box, and Lynnette had assured him it would all be fine because she was there and she did it all the time. But he never saw Lynnette with a black eye. This was concerning.

Nigel laughed and pulled Adam to him with one arm, picking up the pan and tipping the steak out onto a waiting plate with his free hand. He nuzzled into Adam’s hair before picking up the plate and heading to the table with it, Adam still firmly ensconced in his half embrace until he was deposited in his seat.

“Don’t worry gorgeous. No one was really hurt, and everyone knew what they were in for.” He smiled again at Adam as he cut into his steak and took in a mouthful. “This is amazing darling. I can’t believe you made me steak. You’re amazing.” He leaned forward and kissed Adam’s brow before continuing chewing. Adam frowned, Nigel seemed so happy he was buzzing. He recognised it because he sometimes got excited like this when talking about things he enjoyed. He smiled to see Nigel so happy.

“You had fun?” Adam ventured.

“Darling it was fucking great, Lynnette knows her stuff. We started off with some training, and then Carlos the trainer wanted to just get me into some sparring. Said I was a natural.” The words were falling excitedly from Nigel’s lips in between chewing. “One of the older guys said he’d give me a go, go easy on me and break me in. Well, that’s when things got

fucking crazy, gorgeous. I took off my shirt and they could see your little scar and the guy started laughing. He was all up in my face about how he was going to punch the shit out of an alpha that let an omega bite him. But don't worry baby." Nigel reassured him, dragging his chair closer and putting his hand soothingly on Adam's thigh. "Everything was ok. We went at it and I could tell he was trying to push my buttons but I was listening to Carlos and he was telling me how to move and punch and I landed the guy pretty fucking hard. He got this hook in…" he pointed to his eye "... and then I knocked him the fuck out with an uppercut. He was actually out cold for a minute. I thought I was done for - they'd kick me out for sure. But Carlos jumps into the ring and is telling me I'm more than a natural and he's looking forward to training with me."

Nigel stopped for a moment to put more steak in his mouth and Adam used the opportunity to interject. "Was the other man ok? Did he wake up?"

Nigel laughed. "Asshole got up and shook my hand. Apologised for the comments about the scar, said he was just trying to rile me up - thought I'd be easy to beat if I lost control and got sloppy. Lynnette had put him up to it, fucking bitch."

Adam was confused a little by the grin and light tone coupled with the expletive about their friend. He was still trying to process everything Nigel had said as the alpha returned to the steak with gusto. He had enjoyed himself and no one really got hurt because they were all there to box, as Lynnette had reassured him. So it was ok that they had hurt each other and Nigel was a natural and was going to train as a boxer and he really liked it. He was happier than Adam had seen him in a while, not including sex, but that was a different kind of happiness.
Adam's attention was drawn back to Nigel when his cutlery dropped onto the empty plate. Nigel leaned back and rubbed his full stomach, before stretching out his muscles.

"That was just what I needed, thank you angel." He leaned over and ruffled Adam's hair before stretching back again. This time he took in his own scent and made a face. "Fuck, I stink."

Nigel stood up and took off his shirt, throwing it over the back of his chair. Adam frowned a little at the red marks and slowly purpling bruises that Nigel hadn't seemed to even notice across his upper body. Something he'd have to get used to, Adam realised.

"Time for a shower." Nigel smiled, picking Adam up and carrying him to the bathroom. Adam let out a squeal and then a laugh.

"Nigel, I have a shower before bed. It's not even night time yet."

"That's ok baby, you can have another one then. You might not get too clean in this shower anyway." He grinned and ducked his head to nuzzle into Adam's neck, kissing and nosing at the scar he'd put there.

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Nigel was pretty sure this was getting close to the best day ever. He got to beat the shit out of someone in what he presumed may have been the first fair fight he'd ever been in. He'd set

up a training programme and was looking forward to getting serious about boxing. His little angel had made him a steak, which seemed like the best damn steak he'd ever fucking had. And now he was going to thank Adam properly for the lovely lunch.

He'd dropped fully clothed Adam down into the shower and went to turn on the faucet, leaving his little omega just enough time to giggle and jump out before the water would've hit him. Nigel made short work of his track pants and underwear before turning to find where his angel had scampered off to. He found Adam in the bedroom, now naked but folding his clothes neatly on the bed. Nigel waited silently for him to finish, knowing that this was already out of his usual routine and so the folding of the clothes was a necessary allowance. The second that Adam finished and turned, Nigel was on him. He scooped the kid back up into his arms, returned to the shower, finally setting him back down when they were both under the jet of water.

Nigel pressed Adam up against the wall and put his hands either side to pin him there. Adam giggled and sought Nigel's mouth for a kiss, which he gratefully accepted. Without breaking the kiss, Nigel reached for the soap and started to lather up. He soaped his own body before finally breaking away to step back and soap Adam's. Not that he got far. He lathered up the soap in his hands before putting it back on the side and running his hands down Adam's torso and to his twitching cock, already hard. Nigel kissed him again as he took him in hand and worked in the soap as he worked Adam's cock until he was satisfied with the level of groaning he was bringing out in Adam. Breaking back again Nigel gave his little spaceman a grin and got down on his knees.

"Thank you for the steak darling." He crooned. Adam didn't have chance to reply with anything more than delighted gasp, covering his face with his arm in that fucking adorable way he had when he blushed, as Nigel took his length into his mouth. He swirled his tongue around the tip before hollowing his cheeks. Placing his hands on Adam's beautiful fucking hips, he continued to suck and tease him. Every squirm under his hands a delight. Every moan like fucking music to his ears. He could do this all fucking day, there was nothing he wanted to do more than worship his perfect omega.

As Adam tensed up and cried out, shooting hot cum into Nigel's waiting mouth, Nigel reflected - today had been a pretty fucking perfect day.

Chapter End Notes

That's it for this one. I have two more installments in mind for this series, so hoping to write them shortly. Next up will be "A Bite of the Big Apple"

Thanks for all the comments and kudos - you guys are the best!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!